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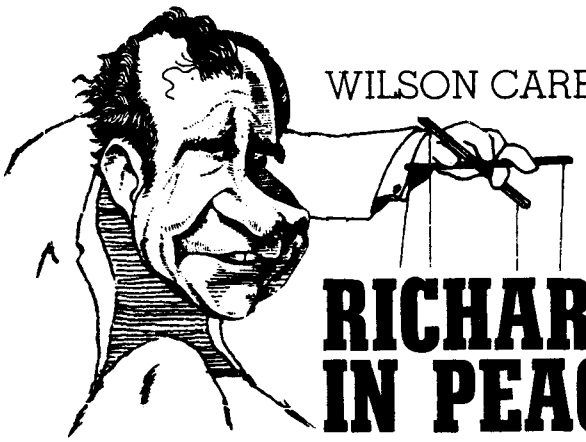

WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS

RICHARD NIXON IN PEACE AND WAR

'OF COMFORT NO MAN SPEAK'

A WASHINGTON REPORT: SISYPHUS

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SAINT-EXUPERY'S LITTLE PRINCE AT 30

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: A SELECTED LIST

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

MICHAEL NOVAK THE CITY PARISH ENTERS POLITICS
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. THE RIDICULOUS SUBLIME

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NEWS & VIEWS

About That Alert . . .

A small afterthought on President Nixon's exotic act placing U.S. military forces on a "precautionary alert" worldwide on Oct. 25, thus precipitating a high noon of sorts with Russia over the Middle East situation. . . .

If the moment was as critical as Nixon would have all believe, why did he not reach for the Hot Line to settle the questions allegedly nagging him about those ambiguous Russian moves, instead of impulsively placing hundreds of thousands of troops on an alert and sending aloft bombers of the Strategic Air Command with their nuclear weapons?

The Hot Line is in existence to minimize the possibility of accidental outbreak of war between Russia and the U.S., one resulting from error or misunderstanding. On Oct. 25, Nixon ran the risk of precisely such a war by neglecting the treaty tool that is operative to meet such an emergency.

One might also wonder why Nixon did not reach for the Hot Line—an instrument that provides instantaneous voice and teletype communication—if he and Mr. Brezhnev actually do know and understand one another so well as Nixon boasts (cf., Nixon's Oct. 26 press conference). Or is that all so much Nixon rhetoric calculated to make him appear indispensable to the American people in his time of travail?

The irony of the failure to use the Hot Line is that just a few years ago—1971, in fact—the Nixon Administration was celebrating an updated Hot Line treaty as another Nixon contribution to world peace.

The Hot Line, or Direct Communications Agreement, came into force on June 20, 1963. It operated via trans-Atlantic cables and European land lines, and thus was vulnerable to interruption or interference by a third party. The breakthrough negotiated by the team sent by Nixon to Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) in Helsinki was to replace that communications technology with two satellite circuits (one for each party) and establish multiple terminals to increase both the capability and reliability of the communications link.

If Richard Nixon was playing a deliberate game of brinksmanship on Oct. 25, then it is easy enough to understand why he didn't use the Hot Line. His ploy would have been foiled at the start.

But if the circumstances did warrant its use, then Nixon has one more irresponsibility for which to answer.

The Instant Ford

The back cover of the Oct. 29 *Publishers Weekly* carried an advertisement for *Selected Speeches*, by Gerald R. Ford, hot from Scotty Books of Arlington, Va., the house that gave you a history of the 17th Virginia Infantry and other relevant volumes. It is sure to be nominated for the Thinnest Book of the Year Award, or some other exalted prize.

William Claiborne of the *Washington Post* got hold of a rush copy and was bemused—by the string of Ford one-liners and 25 chicken-dinner oratories dwelling on support of U.S. involvement in Vietnam, alarm over rising crime rates, and, alas and alack, that "terrifying build-up in Executive-b r a n c h power" . . . under the Johnson Administration.

Claiborne had trouble with Ford's preface, which he seemed to think was "unscholarly"; e.g.: invocation of the dictionary definition of the word "book," followed by the observation, "Books serve a far larger purpose than radio, television and magazines. They bring the far-ranging thoughts of one man or many men within two covers for all to study and ponder."

Claiborne also seemed to detect a certain lackluster quality in the speeches themselves; e.g.: "Whenever a person is called upon to make a speech, the first question that enters his mind is, 'What shall I talk about.'" (Ford at Tulane University, April 19, 1968.) Said Claiborne: "There was no indication of audience reaction."

Pact With Portugal?

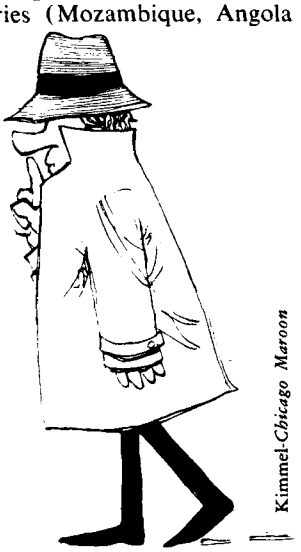
Up to 800 tons of war equipment a day passed through the Portuguese Azores enroute from the U.S. to Israel at the height of the recent mid-East fighting.

But, according to the Manchester *Guardian's* man in Lisbon, only a secret deal between the U.S. and Portugal kept the matériel moving.

Citing unnamed diplomatic sources, James MacManus said a quick, quiet agreement was reached after Portugal became alarmed at the size and implications of the arms lift through its Atlantic islands.

The U.S., realizing that the Azores provided the only logistics center for getting air cargoes of arms to Israel, is alleged to have promised Portugal as much support as possible in UN debates on Portugal's African territories (Mozambique, Angola and particularly Guinea) in return for extensive use of the Azores in aiding Israel.

Adds MacManus: "The new understanding was recently demonstrated when America voted against allowing a UN debate on the status of Portuguese Guinea, while Britain abstained."



Kimmel-*Chicago Maroon*

Yesterday's Hero

The hard times of Frank Wills, the security guard who discovered the Watergate break-in, are updated by Alvin Krebs in the *New York Times*:

Wills is unable to find employment, his lawyer, Dorsey Evans, said in Washington, "because people thought he would be too much trouble—a V.I.P., that sort of thing." One prospective employer turned down Wills' application for a security job, Evans said, because "he told us he didn't want to get in trouble with President Nixon."

Wills, who is living on $55 a week in unemployment benefits, says he lost his most recent job because he took two days off to help a writer do research on the Watergate case. He had previously quit his job at the Watergate building when a fellow guard with less seniority was promoted, and he wasn't.

Odds and Ends

—NBC's "Today" show of Oct. 29 featured David Eisenhower offering his impressions on how the media was doing these days. Never has a cub reporter (late of a Philadelphia sports department, yet) been so exalted. And seldom has one fallen so flat.

—The wags in Washington are saying 82 percent of the people think Nixon's guilty of Watergate charges; two percent think he's innocent; and the remaining 16 percent are not answering because they're involved.

—Acronym of the Week: COUP (Committee on Unelecting the President).

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mass for the Masses

Milwaukee, Wisc.

To the Editors: Your Oct. 26 issue contained an article by Leo J. Hines on the condition of liturgical changes since Vatican II. Prof. Hines terms it decadence. I disagree. The guitar should be used precisely because it "throbs in every ear, on every TV, in every college commons room." It tends to involve those people in attendance. I'm thirty-two and I would not be attending any liturgy today if these were not available. The routine parish Mass leaves me upset, frustrated and turned off.

May I remind Prof. Hines what happened in previous centuries when classical composers wrote Masses. People came to listen. It became theater. It was magnificent theater. But it was not the celebration of Christ's saving meal.

Shalom. ELLEN SHEEHAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Those of us who came to consciousness in the American church as high school or college students in the '60s can hardly help remembering the high hopes that the Council inspired, and thus resonating to Leo Hines' article on liturgical decadence [Oct. 26]. Yet even while I was basking in a wave of nostalgia for those too brief years when we were singing Gelineau and Deiss, and reading Schillebeekx and Küng with new eyes, something in me began to protest against Mr. Hines' reasoning. Granted some intellectuals have departed, and the guitar music is enough to drive even a middle-brow like myself half wild, nonetheless, isn't Mr. Hines asking questions that are primarily "cultural," and cultural in the shallow sense of lamenting the passing of artistic forms that no longer express the *authentic* culture? Frankly, I wonder if Gelineau and Deiss *ever* expressed the culture of more than a tiny, university-nurtured Catholic elite. And do those of us, intellectuals and non-intellectuals

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A NEW BEGINNING

In our May 25 issue, the editors wrote: "As the Senate Watergate hearings begin, it is time to speak seriously about removing President Nixon from office. The exercise of the Presidency, Franklin D. Roosevelt said, is moral leadership. If the present trend of disclosures and indictments continues, the President's claim to moral respectability will be so destroyed and his capacity to lead so crippled that his very presence in the White House wil be a national embarrassment."

At the time that editorial represented a rather lonely position. It is not any more—far from it. In its first editorial in 50 years, *Time* magazine in its Nov. 12 issue said the President and the nation had passed a tragic point of no return and called on him to resign, saying that he "has irredeemably lost his moral authority, the confidence of most of the country and therefore his ability to govern effectively." The magisterial *New York Times* cited the "visible disintegration of President Nixon's moral and political authority" and called on him to step down. Scores of other papers sounded the same note, including such influential journals as the *Detroit News,* the *Denver Post* and the *Atlanta Journal*—all previous supporters. The deans of 17 of the nation's leading law schools called for impeachment, and the AFL-CIO urged either that or resignation. Senator Brooke of Massachusetts became the first Republican Senator publicly to call for the President's resignation, Conservative-Republican Senator Buckley of New York said the burden of proving that he spoke the truth had shifted to Mr. Nixon's shoulders, and even Joseph Alsop and Howard K. Smith called for resignation or impeachment.

All these and more add up to an overwhelming vote of no confidence from widely varied sources. Mr. Nixon has assured the nation that he will not resign, but with more closet-skeletons lurking ahead it is hard to see how he can ignore this negative mandate. The President's apologists continue to argue that Americans should put all this behind them and turn to the nation's urgent business. What they ignore is that the most urgent business the nation faces is the crisis of confidence in the Presidency. There is no easy way out of the morass in which we find ourselves, but only without Mr. Nixon is there any chance for a fresh start.

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'OF COMFORT NO MAN SPEAK . . .'

One read with a chill that the President's military aide, General Haig, instructed a high civilian officer of the Federal Government: "Your Commander-in-Chief has given you an order." The chill deepened a few days later when American military forces were placed on a world-wide alert in late October. More than one civilian in Washington thought, at least fleetingly, that this action of the President signified domestic, not military maneuver. House arrest in America? Not yet—perhaps. But the advent of the American Cromwellian Protectorate seems now less implausible. (Wystan Hugh Auden, who wrote under a pseudonym in these pages, once suggested that in our time we've reached, in effect, a condition in which what is not forbidden shall be required.)

In Washington, blunder follows blunder in the wake of the Watergate revelations. The ugly scarlet thread of corruption in the Federal Government never seemed more distinct. Indeed, it has become the "figure in the carpet." If the future is unpredictable, the present is beyond understanding.

In the face of these bad tidings, political liberalism, as now constituted, is an inadequate response to the awful truth. It forbids us to be pessimistic. It denies us a comprehension of evil. The contemporary political descendants of Edmund Burke, at least, hold a clear view of "human nature." But liberal social planners plan—unmindful of T. S. Eliot's reprimand, "Dreaming of systems so perfect, no one needs to be good."

Yet the Mondales of the Congress put forward repetitive clichés of liberal politics—more Federal programs, another council of Presidential advisers, more money thrown at social problems in hopes some of it will stick and cure. The piano-wire patriots, the Jacksons of the Congress, continue their hymns to violence, as if the sinister nuclear arsenals cast no shadows. The Restons and Broders of the press insist on cheering us up on the basis of wisps of optimistic declarations of intent by politicians.

One is obliged to suggest whether the experiment in representative government, under the impact of technological and industrial changes, is in an autumnal phase. Although for different reasons, Carlyle may have sensed the basic inability of the parliaments of men to legislate remedies for secular ills. One argues against his argument, but one is led back to demoralizing second thoughts, however inconclusive.

There is Nader protesting the shoddy, unsafe products of our industrial age. In politics, there is no Nader —not yet at least. Of no help are political scientists, who are neither political nor scientific, proving in respect to one occupation, at least, Shaw's observation—those, who can, do and those who can't, teach. Democrats speak no more reliably than do Republicans about the wretched doings of Watergate. And political liberals less so than conservatives. The well-shod hollow men of Cambridge offer words of erudition—poor balm for a nation that is incessantly wounding itself.

Indeed, these academic Cantabrigians were the national security managers of our intervention in Southeast Asia. And their machinations have sown bitter harvest here at home. We have inherited the wind. The Central Intelligence Agency controls a publishing house; Knopf, another publishing house, finds itself fighting to prevent the CIA from deleting materials from a forthcoming book that the CIA finds offensive. Our civilian government is contaminated by the doings of the Bay of Pigs, the Dominican Republic maneuver in 1965, the recent Chilean counter-revolution and Indochina. The spies haven't come in out of the cold; they're just at work back home.

One is unrealistic to expect Twentieth Century Luddites to appear and wreak their wrath, but one would welcome a modern Runnymede at which our personal rights and fortunes may be reclaimed. But the barons of the universities are preoccupied in pursuit of meaningless data under the guise of scholarship. The barons of big business and big labor cluster around the GNP machine, which may drown us in its productivity rather than provide support for the elusive "good life." The barons of politics, who favor impeachment or resignation of the President, show no understanding of the deeper crisis. They suggest that Richard Nixon's two elections were simply some sort of aberration and all that's needed to mend things is a changing of the guard.

There's more to it. Our institutional arrangements, whether public or private, forbid, or, as a minimum, severely inhibit decent response to the enclosure acts of this over-ripe industrial age.

A convenient example is the United States Department of Justice. It gives off the odors of a hog-wallow. President Nixon's first Attorney General has been indicted. One Assistant Attorney General for anti-trust matters has resigned and now stands suspected of being a party to an arrangement freeing ITT from an anti-trust prosecution. One Assistant Attorney General for criminal matters has resigned as a result of being identified as associated with a financial scandal in his home state. An Associate Deputy Attorney General has recently pleaded guilty to criminal charges. This year,

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the President's nominee to be Director of the FBI subsequently left government service without honor.

Yet, the Justice Department employs hundreds of competent and honest lawyers. Conversations with a few of these—neighbors and fellow-commuters—disclose their dismay and outrage at what has transpired at their place of work. One then somehow expects that this would lead to a further action—a seeking of employment elsewhere or a collective stand of some sort to protest the savaging of the Justice Department. But, no. Rationalizations are made. The wrong-doing occurred elsewhere—in another section or on another floor or by "those Nixon people." Human responses, in other words, become quarantined, squashed by the pressures of our economic functions.

Our government has become the Leviathan. We are the most Hobbesian of all, conducting a "war of everyone against everyone" as Senator Church of Idaho recently phrased it. We are in forced, but only partial, retreat from our preferred role as global governors; although, at home, we find it difficult to govern ourselves. Our troops in Europe are regarded as "bargaining chips"—to be withdrawn in return for a loosening of Soviet control over countries in Eastern Europe. At home, American civilians and their personal liberties are "bargaining chips" for the maneuverings of men in high office. Southeast Asia was our Carthage abroad; at home, Watergate threatens to salt over our political institutions.

Ritualistic optimists would give us to understand that these difficulties suggest that the days of Richard are numbered. The time-lag between writing and having published a column makes prediction hazardous. The man may resign; perhaps, he shall. However, there is reason to state that, based on customary points of reference, reports of the political death of Richard are premature.

He and his henchmen, like Richard II and his, are not done with us. He has a hold upon the nation's political institutions. His successful exercise of the Presidential veto, a political weather-vane, is an example. Andrew Johnson, the only President to have been impeached, had 15 of his vetoes overridden by the Congress before articles of impeachment were successfully brought against him in the House of Representatives. The incumbent President, whatever his time of troubles, has a nearly perfect record this year. Through Nov. 7, he has vetoed nine bills, some of them spending measures, and eight of these nine times the Senate and the House were unable to muster sufficient numbers of votes to override these vetoes.

A clue to these repeated failures is the issue of Federal spending. Experienced members of the Congress after returning from the Congressional recess in August suggest one reason. As one said: "Americans believe the President is guilty as hell in terms of covering-up Watergate. Some even believe he conspired to bring it about. But they still like what he says about reducing government expenditures." This may be a reason for the poll of late October that reported 55 percent of Americans oppose Nixon's being impeached, while at the same time expressing strong disapproval of his conduct in office. Of course, it may be argued that Americans, including members of Congress who should know better, do not know the meaning of impeachment—that it is neither trial or conviction, but simply in the nature of a grand-jury inquiry. Two other reasons may account for the poll results. The President is given passing marks in foreign policy. And, a reluctance to take the road toward his ouster may be simply because the President, any President, is the one man elected nationwide. On that office focuses a nation's hopes, not upon the fragmented 535-member Congress. Moreover, where is the breaking point between our desire for illusion and our need for truth, although since the poll, bedrock Congressional Republicans have finally been shaken—by a disclosure of the President's agents that two important tapes of conversations between the President and John Mitchell and John Dean do not exist. Yet, a reading of *The Congressional Record* indicates that the political right still holds; the center stirs uneasily but ineffectively; liberals bay, many of them hoping to be Richard Nixon's successor in January; 1975. Much of the Jewish community, customarily a crucial moral and intellectual resource for momentous domestic struggles as this, is preoccupied with saving Israel. This preoccupation led a pro-impeachment Senator to growl the other day that Israel, however worth securing, is not, after all, the 51st state. And the street shrewdness of the President is in evidence once again by his designation of Senator Saxbe from Republican Ohio as his nominee for Attorney-General. That should make the Senate less restless, just as Congressman Ford's designation as Vice President has demonstrably quieted the House of Representatives. A few see in these nominations a faint outline of a "deal" culminating in the President's resignation. Maybe. The President's characteristic insistence points otherwise, however.

The political devastation will persist whatever may be in the works. Yet a comment of a European observer suggests restraint. In America, he said, things are never as good as they appear—or as bad. After all, there is a patch or two of blue. One salutary result of the Watergate horror may be a diminution of the Presidency, swollen by Democratic Administrations to unconscionable size. The incumbent President is badly mauled; the Vice Presidency is vacant. Yet the skies have not fallen in. Our immediate world is unaffected.

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Furthermore, the Congress, fragmented and without institutional courage or coherence, lurches about in search of a character, while trying to tell itself about its purported past glories. We citizens are left to ourselves—to manage or mismanage our private lives and their immediate public extensions. Without exhortation or ukases from the "Feds" in Washington. We're a bit more on our own—and perhaps the better for it.

Or are we?

Somehow we are wounded. Kierkegaard's leaps of faith, joining governors and the governing, are harder to make. One pauses, stumbles—and, perhaps, should things become more unraveled, one may balk altogether.

SISYPHUS

(This is the first appearance of what will be a regular column from Washington, written by a person whose position makes the use of a pseudonym imperative. The column will appear every other week.)

MR. NIXON IN PEACE AND WAR

WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS

Militarily, the Fourth Arab-Israeli War was a straightforward affair. The only surprise was the tactical advantage the Egyptians and Syrians won by striking first; it is hardly astonishing that Arab troops, given a simulacrum of leadership, can fight bravely and well. Israel very quickly demonstrated that, at the command and staff levels at least, the "quality gap" between her forces and those of her opponents had not narrowed. Annoying questions are bound to be asked about the fact that the Israeli Army was caught off guard, but that is explicable enough. Israel's leaders calculated, quite rightly, that Israel could not afford, diplomatically and politically, the military advantage of a preemptive attack and given that reasoning, a tactical surprise was only a matter of time. From the Egyptian attack to the cease-fire, it only required the agony of dead and maimed soldiers to bring the war to its seemingly preordained conclusion: another cease-fire, another diplomatic frustration for Israel.

By contrast, there is something uncanny about America's recent Middle Eastern diplomacy. Perhaps Mr. Nixon was only a little early in celebrating Halloween; certainly, there is a suggestion that the recent "precautionary alert" was only an unusual form of trick or treat. Marvin Kalb of CBS ventured, in fact, to hint to Henry Kissinger that a great many Americans suggested it was all a scheme to divert attention from events at home. And the Secretary's response, that the question was a "symptom of what is happening to our country" was perfectly true but hardly reassuring and not at all to the point.

It would be wrong, I think, to presume that the diplomatic crisis was part of some cunning plot. That notion is all too comforting, casting the President in his familiar role as "Tricky Dick," the "dark Machiavel" of political *opera buffa*. The evidence that the alert and the moves which surrounded it were an over-reaction, while abundant, points to far less conscious, less calculating, and more alarming regions of the President's psyche.

Mr. Nixon, after all, has been compared often enough to Captain Queeg. And we hardly need to be reminded of Queeg's tendency, when under pressure, to re-enact his earlier triumphs. Anyone who watched the President's recent press conference was bound to be reminded of Mr. Nixon's conviction that crisis is purifying, a kind of "test" in which his inner rectitude is brought to the fore. The fire of confrontation, in Nixon's view, burns away his own self-doubt, and with it, the suggestion (or the reality?) of lesser sins.

Hence the President's insistence that we remember that he "stuck it out" in Vietnam, his comment—so much belied by his attack on the press—that "the tougher it gets the cooler I get," his claim that previous crises have proved that "I've got what it takes." If he did not go back to the Hiss case, that may be because

WILSON CAREY MCWILLIAMS, *a frequent contributor, is a professor of political science at Livingston College, a division of Rutgers University. He is the author of* The Idea of Fraternity in America, *recently published by the University of California Press.*

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of William Buckley's comparison of Hiss to former Vice President Agnew. But Mr. Nixon *did* hear a question about his remarks in 1968 (about the number of "shocks" a country could take) as referring to changes over the last *twenty-five* years, since 1948, and one may speculate about what that reveals. But most notably, Mr. Nixon returned to Cuba for historical parallels. Cuba is a sore-point because of the 1960 television debates and probably Mr. Nixon envies Kennedy the experience and the handling of the missile crisis of 1962. It was logical, then, for the President to justify his reaction to the present conflict by calling this "the most difficult crisis" since that confrontation eleven years ago. The logicality, however, lies in the President's mind, not in the events themselves; even Mr. Kissinger, in defending the Administration's policy, indicated that this was *not* a "missile-type crisis." On the evidence so far, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the President seized the occasion of a conflict with the Soviet Union as the opportunity for re-running crises past and crises envied.

If that were not trouble enough, there are other reasons for doubting the wisdom of the Administration's course. Mr. Brezhnev's eagerness for a cease-fire reflected not only the needs of his Egyptian allies but the fact that the war had already demonstrated the danger of Mr. Sadat's "kick the Russians out" policy. The war had served, in other words, to underline Arab dependence on the USSR, and Soviet technicians are likely, once again, to be part of the Arab military and political scene.

But Brezhnev faced another and evident problem, the danger that Israel—sensing victory, bitter at diplomatic betrayal—would respect neither the cease-fire nor any peace settlement that required her to retreat to her pre-1967 borders. (And such a settlement, we should remember, is precisely what forms the basis for UN action.) Part of the "brutal" (Senator Jackson) or "very firm" (Mr. Nixon) tone of the Soviet note to the President seems, in fact, to have come from outrage *at* Israeli violations of the cease-fire west of Sinai. (The Egyptians, too, were probably guilty but it is clear that there was much less to fear from their desperate maneuvers than from those of the triumphant Israelis.) That concern for the enforcement of a cease-fire and potential peace also seems to have been behind Soviet suggestions that both the superpowers contribute forces to a peace-keeping force.

The Administration's rationale for refusing joint great-power participation was, in fact, extremely weak. At all costs, the argument went, America was determined to keep the Middle East free from a great-power confrontation that might result in a nuclear war. Now if Mr. Nixon's statements made any sense whatever, that position was nonsensical: the Middle Eastern conflict had *visibly* produced a confrontation of the great powers which involved some finite risk of nuclear war. Mr. Kissinger seemed to be saying, however, that if American and Soviet forces were *directly* involved, the risk of nuclear war would be greater. Yet (as Kissinger, among others, has noted) the one place in the world where such a direct confrontation exists—Western Europe—is perhaps the least likely area for war we know, precisely because any conflict would very likely result in total war. There is *more* danger from a Middle Eastern situation which allows both the Arabs and Israel to calculate the chances of "winning" a military victory without the risk of nuclear war. That situation makes periodic conflicts the rule, and any one of them could escalate to the thermonuclear level. The Americans and Russians would, if experience is any test, be far more accommodating because the alternative is intolerable. And by their very nature, the great powers are more likely to consider world stability than are local powers bound up in their own parochial interests and rivalries.

The results of the current crisis seem, to the critical *New York Times* as well as friendlier sources, to be some sort of victory for Mr. Nixon with Mr. Brezhnev accepting the "face-saving gesture" of a few observers in place of the troops he had proposed sending. Doubtless the Soviet Union would have been pleased had it been permitted to send troops to the Middle East uni-

laterally. But is it really credible that the Russians expected to be allowed to do so? Was it a threat and nothing more?

Mr. Nixon, in a bid to establish his indispensability, argued that settlement with Brezhnev was possible only because "he and I know each other," the implication being that the Soviet leader knew Nixon was not to be trifled with. It seems to me that the crisis reveals that Brezhnev and the Soviet leadership generally know Nixon only too well. They have discerned that style matters more to the President than substance, that he sees diplomacy as an arena for winning admiration, demonstrating personal virtues or scoring domestic points as much as (or more than) he regards it as the pursuit of a settled policy or interest. Mr. Nixon has indicated, after all, that he regards his Vietnam policy as having resulted in "peace with honor," and since it is hard to see either term of that phrase in the current

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situation in Southeast Asia, his own capacity for self-deception is painfully evident. Time and again since 1969, the Soviet Union has made gains at American expense (the sole, and still theoretical, exception is China), often with a flurry of symbolic gestures which help conceal the balance of real advantage. (The wheat sale is only the clearest case.)

In the present situation, the Soviet Union retreated from a threat it almost certainly knew to be bluff. But the returns have been substantial. The President, in his press conference, did more than hint that the United States is now prepared, if necessary, to compel Israel to accept a settlement which her own leadership regards as intolerable. That position, apparently, was the assurance deemed necessary to persuade Brezhnev to retreat from his demands. If so, it means that the key to the negotiating room has been turned over to Mr. Brezhnev and his allies in return for an exchange of words which allow Mr. Nixon to contend that he has "what it takes." Israeli enthusiasts for Mr. Nixon may remember his acquiescence in the installation of missiles along the Canal (another symbolic "victory"), even if their recollections will not stretch to 1956.

The Middle East, however, may prove to be only part of the present crisis. The Administration's zeal to proclaim a crisis led them to move NATO forces without consulting our European allies, an unpardonable offense considering Europe's vital interest in Middle Eastern oil, and—the President's need for a crisis aside—inexplicable given Mr. Kissinger's sensitivity to European feelings and interests. That the Administration has responded to European protests—which even Senator Jackson could not call brutal—in a fit of pique and rather petty menace hardly helps matters. The Soviet Union would, I suspect, trade a pound of Arab annoyance for an ounce of estrangement between America and Europe; it has not been forced to pay any price at all.

The real danger in this pattern of American-Soviet relations, however, is not what Mr. Nixon may give or bargain away. It is that the Soviet Union may misread Mr. Nixon's mood and quality. He is, as he often reminds us, not a quitter. And as much as any erstwhile Cold Warrior, Mr. Nixon is aware of the "lessons" of the 1930s, the peril that we may be eaten away by "salami tactics." Given his own current state of tension and his propensity for crisis heroics, it is difficult to predict Mr. Nixon with any precision. There is always the appalling possibility that the Soviet Union may try the bluff-and-reluctant-backdown gambit once too often. But I suspect that reliance on Soviet calculations is a safer rock than trust in the President's statecraft.

We are, however, assured that Mr. Nixon's mother and father would have been pleased. That may, in fact, be the final summary of the present Administration in the world of the nations.

THE RIDICULOUS SUBLIME

THE SCREEN

In classical art, and especially in Greek tragedy, truth takes the form of paradox. The way a man has lived can be transcended by the way he dies. Moral authority sought in high office is achieved only through disgrace and catastrophe. Suffering has great dignity where honor and glory have none. But among the moderns, even when the themes of art are the same—death, love, revenge, family quarrels—truth is more often left as mere ambivalence, which is perhaps all that remains anyway when a paradox is stripped of its heroic texts and supernatural context. The modern, bourgeois hero doesn't die as nobly and reassuringly as kings did, nor do the moral issues in his life ever seem so painfully, unbearably clear. Truth is no longer absolute in modern art. The sublime can no longer be kept separate and distinct from the ridiculous.

Even so, the plot of almost any Claude Chabrol film sounds like the plot of a Greek tragedy. In *Leda*, an early Jean-Paul Belmondo film made by Chabrol, a young man murders his father's mistress because he is distraught over the unhappiness she causes his mother. In *La Femme Infidèle*, made four or five years ago, a man's desire to protect his relationship with his wife drives him to bludgeon her lover, thereby depriving himself, when the police arrive, of the very relationship he had sought to preserve. More recently, in *This Man Must Die*, a man obsessively hunts down the hit-and-run killer of his son, and then takes the blame when, apparently, the killer's own son murders his father instead.

Or consider the two latest Chabrol features to be screened in this country: *La Rupture* and *Just Before Nightfall*. Both begin with shocking acts of violence. In *La Rupture* a father goes berserk and nearly kills his small son so that the mother, Hélène (Stephane Audran), must beat him into submission with an iron skillet to protect the boy. In *Just Before Nightfall* a masochistic woman invites her lover, Charles (Michel Bouquet), to pretend to strangle her, but the game gets out of hand and he really does commit the act.

From this point on, the two films have almost opposite developments, although they come back in the end to rather similar conclusions. In *La Rupture* the mood of the whole film is, like that of the opening scene, implacable and psychopathic. When Hélène seeks a divorce she incurs the wrath of her husband's wealthy father, M. Regnier (Michel Bouquet), who wants custody of the child and even engages a malefactor to make Hélène look an unfit mother. In the end though, after the fashion of tragedy, the scheme recoils on itself

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so that Regnier's son is killed by Regnier's own agent.

In *Just Before Nightfall*, again following in a curious way the cue given by the crime with which the film opens, the characters never do anything in a rage. On the contrary, they are incapable of such primitive passions as jealousy, loathing or the desire for revenge. In helpless attempts to expiate the guilt he feels, Charles confesses killing his mistress first to his own wife (Stephane Audran) and then to the dead woman's husband, who is also his best friend. But neither his wife nor his friend can bring himself to blame Charles, and thus, ironically, they only punish him the more. Out of pity for his miserable state, his wife at last, it would seem, helps him to do away with himself.

It doesn't take a great stretch of imagination to suppose that these family wrangles depicted by Chabrol have their analogue in classical tragedy, nor is the analogy a mere coincidence. As in the classical formula, so in Chabrol's films, the plot centers upon the way a man's actions may backfire to destroy the man himself. Affairs go always in this ancient circle. In *This Man Must Die* a villain who has killed someone else's son seems as a consequence to be killed by his own son. In *La Rupture* the film ends as it began, with someone acting under the compulsion of hallucinogenic drugs, and the unexpected result this time is that Regnier loses his son at the hands of the man Regnier himself sent to win custody of his grandson. In *Just Before Nightfall*, again, we might say that the film ends as it began. Having murdered his mistress out of revulsion for her sexual appetites, Charles must call upon his wife to kill him in turn out of compassion for his guilt.

Chabrol's scripts, which he writes himself, even acknowledge the way that the spirit of Attic tragedy flickers within them. At the end of *This Man Must Die*, the protagonist cannot help noticing that the possibility the hit-and-run driver has been murdered by his own son is "like a Greek tragedy." And in *La Rupture*, staying at the boarding house where Hélène moves after her husband's breakdown, there are three old biddies who are referred to as the "*Parcae*," the Fates whom the ancient poets usually represented as three hags.

In the closing sequences of the film, when Hélène is under the influence of the drug Regnier's man has slipped to her, these *Parcae* undertake her protection; and Chabrol takes the opportunity to have them strike very formalized choral attitudes around her. While the camera eye sympathetically adopts the sort of dreamy and distorted view of events which the drugged Hélène now has, we see the old women as if in a frieze. Especially in the scene where Hélène's husband is killed, they assume such artificial and deliberate postures as were prescribed in ancient choreography in order to make the play's action visible from the rather remote amphitheater seats.

Yet Chabrol knows that in his film the old women look pretty silly striking these ritualistic poses. This is so, for one thing, because nobody in the audience is having any trouble seeing them. In the amphitheater, since the actors were small and the perspective fixed, exaggeration may have been necessary. The play was performed outdoors in broad daylight when the action could not be isolated and emphasized with key lights. But with their close-ups and insistence on realistic detail, movies are as a medium virtually the opposite of the ancient theater. On film perspective is variable and anamorphic. Nothing needs exaggeration (a lesson that early filmmakers, treating the screen as if it were a nineteenth-century proscenium, were slow to learn). Everything plays best in movies when underplayed—at least, all serious drama does.

For this reason our tragic heroes have not been raging kings but drawling cowboys. Being blown up larger than life has in most ways diminished the aesthetic stature of man, as Claude Chabrol fully appreciates. The modern man of consequence, the sort of character with whom Chabrol deals, is seen too intimately in movies to be elevated by the medium. Chabrol knows very well that film is a medium suited to betraying man's dignity as surely as the ancient *skene* was to ennobling him. He also knows that style is all in art—that plots are neutral and treatment alone determines the effect upon the audience. If his conceptions are strikingly Greek and classical, then, it is because he delights in the ultra-modern ambivalence with which he can treat them in movies. It is in this intentional gap between ancient moral dilemma and the modern medium of film that the lightning is generated in Chabrol's art.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

(First of two parts)

PETER MURPHY

FRUITION

A tree entered my mind
preparing for sleep
growing deep
in the night

and grew
neither blossoms nor fruit

a yawn branches in waking
roaring with leaves
while there's all this
waiting

what time do the flowers start

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THE CITY PARISH ENTERS POLITICS

MICHAEL NOVAK

Bishop Francis Mugavero's recent letter to the four mayoral candidates of New York City may turn out to be one of the most important turning points in American Catholic history. In that letter, Bishop Mugavero let the candidates know that Catholics in his diocese intend to be responsible politically. They intend to hold meetings. They intend to organize. They intend to inform themselves. They intend to vote. (In Brooklyn and Queens, they number more than one-and-a-half million votes.)

Some 140 of Bishop Mugavero's 230 parishes already have bipartisan political education committees. Other parishes are now being organized. Not for a hundred years has an American Catholic bishop so directly addressed political candidates. The letter's effect was immediate.

Wisely, Bishop Mugavero's strategy is bipartisan. No single party ought to be able to take Catholic support for granted.

Wisely, too, Bishop Mugavero's list of issues "that affect people who live in Brooklyn and Queens" were issues of family and neighborhood; transportation and health care. He did not mention parochial schools or abortion. What counts is a new focus for political thinking: family, neighborhood—not specifically "Catholic" needs or hopes. Catholics are not a separatist group; they do, and ought to, work through coalitions. In this area, they may begin to lead the way.

The political dialogue of New York City, the Bishop said, suffers from "Manhattanopia." This disease is not geographical. It is an affliction of class, education, mobility and affluence; it comes from being "tuned in" to the media. (When Norman Mailer ran for mayor, he found out to his chagrin that thousands upon thousands didn't know who Norman Mailer is.)

As one reads one's *New York Times* on the train to Manhattan every morning, one slides past sections one can't even name; one looks out on collapsing brick walls, burned and abandoned automobiles, ruptured concrete streets where grass grows in the cracks, row after row of rundown tenement exteriors. The world of the *Times* is not the world outside my train window. And to drive through those sections, to *explore* New York, is to learn of Americas the *Times* mentions as if they were as faraway as Tanzania. How vast, how complex, are these neighborhoods.

Bishop Mugavero is absolutely right. American politics desperately needs a "third force," an organized bipartisan movement capable of throwing its weight on the side of those who act always and everywhere for families, for neighborhoods, for local vitalities—for public truth and justice, without which family morality cannot survive.

We learned that government is not a suitable instrument for healing society's illnesses. The *state* is not society. Government is gross and clumsy, and not wholly trustworthy. Society must heal itself, with social organisms and social vitalities. These government can promote, just as until now it has been destroying them: destroying them with inconsiderate policies, fiscal and social. The state promotes the interests of the affluent and the educated—those whose knowledge runs by expressway from midtown to LaGuardia or Kennedy. The airports are for them. The office buildings, the developments, the malls are for them. The great universities are for them.

And oh! The young priests. Those of the long hair and the swinging social morality. Those afflicted with the guilts of superculture, the at last liberated and "American" generation of American priests we have so long awaited. How many have abandoned their people! How many cannot distinguish between folk culture and ideological conservatism, between antagonism toward superculture and antagonism toward the Left. Proud of their own righteous radicalism, some have abandoned the very people who hold the secret key to progressive politics.

Yet some of the young priests are spectacular. "I find the values of many of the people I live with very strong and also flexible," writes one such priest from an urban area in Boston. "On the race issue, on the matter of authority and politicians, and on others as well. They defend [their old values] to the hilt, but they also learn from experience. Their education does not constrain them. . . . The battle lines seem to be drawn between education as theoretical knowledge and experience or common sense."

Exactly right. Those who did not go to college, or even finish high school, those who do not travel and do not read, judge everything in the light of their own experience. To understand what they say, one must grasp that experience, understand their context. We need to develop translation systems between social classes, and across educational lines.

Let us envisage twenty of the fifty million American Catholics taking part in bipartisan political education meetings in their parishes. Let us imagine Catholics—Irish, Italian, Slavic, Spanish, German and others—voting at about a 95 percent level in every major election. Let us imagine a new political language, a new set of social organs and social programs. Let us imagine a new breed of young priests and sisters creating a new neighborhood politics. Then you will see that compared to what Bishop

(Continued on page 221)

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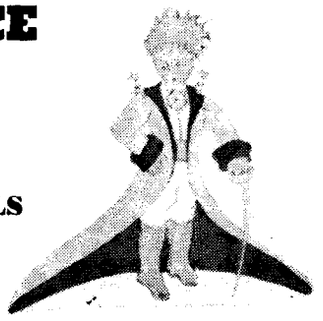
THE LITTLE PRINCE AT THIRTY

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS



"What does that mean—'tame'?" asked the little prince.

"It is an act too often neglected," said the fox. "It means to establish ties."

" 'To establish ties'?"

"Just that," said the fox. "To me, you are still nothing more than a little boy who is just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I have no need of you. And you, on your part, have no need of me. To you, I am nothing more than a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But if you tame me, then we shall need each other. To me, you will be unique in all the world. To you, I shall be unique in all the world. . . ."

That central insight of *The Little Prince* both charms and moves the reader of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's classic story for children, like all good children's stories really for everyone. When I first read *The Little Prince* nearly twenty years ago it seemed to me to contain all the mottoes and wisdom that one would ever need to live by.

"Straight ahead of him, nobody can go very far."

"The proof that the little prince existed is that he was charming, that he laughed, and that he was looking for a sheep. If anybody wants a sheep, that is a proof that he exists."

"What is essential is invisible to the eye."

"It is only with the heart that one sees rightly."

In that revulsion that finally overcomes one's adolescent excesses and indulgences I came to see *The Little Prince* as containing a totally naive, romantic and unrealistic notion of what it meant to think and act like an adult —a thoroughly Gallic and slightly sophisticated version of J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*. Amusing, touching perhaps, but, well, unrealistic. What was essential seemed very visible to the eye. It was not with the heart alone that one could see rightly. Now having come around dialectically to overcoming the excesses which resulted from the excesses of adolescence, it may well be that "what is essential is invisible to the eye," although I am reluctant to admit that "it is *only* with the heart that one sees rightly." And certainly, "if anybody wants a sheep, that is proof that he exists" is as reasonable as "I think, therefore I am." But finally there is the truth of *The Little Prince*, to establish ties, to run the risk of taming someone and being tamed in turn, is to face up, as the little prince and pilot do, to the responsibilities that taming brings: devotion, amusement, joy, sacrifice and fidelity to one's choices. It is not blind devotion to one's fate that infuses *The Little Prince* or any other of Saint-Exupéry's writings; it is a joyous fidelity to one's choices.

* * *

The Little Prince was first published in 1943, thirty years ago this year [now re-issued by Harcourt Brace, $7.50]. Saint-Exupéry wrote it while living in exile in New York after the fall of France. He died not too long after its publication when the reconnaissance plane he was flying disappeared over the Mediterranean. A pilot, philosopher and adventurer, Saint-Exupéry had flown in Africa and South America in the years when flying was a dangerous calling—when it was, indeed, a calling. His other writings reflect the cosmic contact with the stars and the universe that those frail machines provided pilots in the twenties and thirties. But it was not a mere oneness with the universe that grew out of Saint-Exupéry's experiences but rather a sense of camaraderie with his fellow pilots who navigated over vast, uninhabited and uncharted deserts and mountain ranges with instruments hardly more sophisticated than those which brought Columbus to America.

They were men who chose their lives and who accepted the risks and responsibilities that were part of that choice. Out of that essential experience grew Saint-Exupéry's insights so movingly put forth in *The Little Prince*. Men make choices, they are not the blind pawns of an unknown fate or all-powerful government and having chosen, their life-task is to establish ties with that choice, to tame it.

The Little Prince is an intensely personal book, a too frail barque for bearing ponderous observations. But I risk it. Much will be written about the 30th anniversary of *The Little Prince*, perhaps scholarly, perhaps personal, but what struck me in rereading it, and which seems only obliquely related to the bok itself, is that it was written by an airplane pilot.

Without necessarily suggesting a lesser sensitivity to the moral and philosophical questions that engaged Saint-Exupéry in his several novels, essays and *The Little Prince*, one can hardly think of those bomber pilots over Southeast Asia or the civilian pilots of giant airbuses as anything other than mere technicians, men concerned, as the little prince would note in his ironic way, with "matters of consequence." Men in the service of their machines; not men as Saint-Exupéry portrayed the heroes of *Flight to Arras, Night Flight, Southern Mail* and *Wind, Sand and Stars*, engaged in a struggle with nature and with themselves, men for whom the airplane was

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS *is the author of a forthcoming book on day care,* Who's Minding the Children? *(Simon & Schuster).*

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an instrument for heroic exercises of skill and will power. But above all, they were not men who blindly chose and blindly followed. And for the same reason that one can not conceive of an airplane pilot writing such a book today, one does not readily associate our experiences of mercenary adventures and machine-made heroes with the values that Saint-Exupéry set forth in *The Little Prince*.

The passage of thirty years has changed the behavior and values of pilots, the techniques of flying, the structure of airplanes, and certainly their public image. Clearly none of that mars the charm or muddies the incisiveness of Saint-Exupéry's observations. But in a world where so few assume personal responsibility for their deeds, where the task of establishing ties seems to elude us, and where the long, slow, and sometimes routine, task of taming someone seems to be so rarely practiced, it is good to reread *The Little Prince* and celebrate its existence.

From "Jack Jouett's Ride" Viking

A SELECTED LIST

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

CHRISTMAS

Jack Kent's Twelve Days of Christmas. Ill. by Jack Kent. Parents'. $3.95. A gay picture-book panorama of holiday cheer.

Omar at Christmas. By Edgar White. Ill. by Didga McCannon. Lothrop. $3.95. Magic in the city transforms Christmas Eve for a little black boy. 4-8.

The Night of the Radishes. By Toby Talbot. Ill. by Ann Grifalconi. Putnam. $4.29. One Christmas at fiesta time, a Mexican boy learns the true meaning of gifts and giving. 6-10.

Mother Goose for Christmas. Written and Ill. by William Pène du Bois. Viking. $5.95. Festive, color pictures and a suspense-filled tale of Christmas in nursery-rhyme land. 6-10.

The Coat-Hanger Christmas Tree. By Eleanor Estes. Ill. by Susanne Suba. McElderry/Atheneum. $4.50. A sister and brother long for a Christmas tree —which their mother will not allow. A poignant, humorous story of new understanding, and the force of the Christmas spirit. 7-11.

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a freelance writer and children's books editor.*

OTHER HOLIDAYS

How to Make Birthday and Christmas Cards. By Andrew Withers. Photos, diagrams. Van Nostrand. $3.95. Easy-to-follow directions. All ages.

Saint George and the Dragon. By John Langstaff. Woodcuts by David Gentleman. McElderry/Atheneum. $4.95. Buffoonery and magic in this ancient mummers' play about rebirth, suitable for Christmas, New Year's or Easter. Music, songs, and directions for production by children included. 8-12.

Easter Eggs for Everyone. By Evelyn Coskey. Photos, drawings. Abingdon. $6.95. The history of Easter eggs, with detailed craft instructions. Egg novelties and games included. All ages.

Letitia Rabbit's Spring Song. By Russell Hoban. Ill. by Mary Chalmers. Coward. $3.95. A charming spring festival and Eastertime book with dear pictures and an imaginative plot. 5-9. Another appealing spring-Easter story, *The Sugar Snow Spring*, By Lillian Hoban. Harper. $3.95. 5-9.

The Witch Kitten. Written and Ill. by Ruth Carroll. Walck. $4.95. A naughty Halloween kitten flies off on a broom alone to fearsome adventure. An exuberant story without words. 3-7.

Dorrie and the Fortune Teller. Written and Ill. by Patricia Coombs. Lothrop. $4.25. Adventures of an endearing little witch. Delightful for Halloween or any season. 6-10.

The Little Witch's Magic Book of Disguises. Written and Ill. by Linda Glovach. Prentice. $4.95. Sorcerers, rabbits, Peter Pan . . . costumes for holidays and parties, made from things around the house. 5-10.

RELIGION

Jonah's Journey. By Danah Haiz. Ill. by H. Hechtkopf. Lerner. $4.50. Jonah and Nineveh—authentic detail by an Israeli author and artist. Dramatic paintings. 5-9.

Hongry Catch the Foolish Boy. By Lorenz Graham. Ill. by James Brown. Crowell. $3.95. Fresh, poetic retelling of the tale of the prodigal son in African cadences and drawings. 5-10.

Martin de Porres, Hero. By Claire H. Bishop. Ill. by Jean Charlot. Houghton. 95¢. At last in paperback! Striking lithographs and a lively, moving portrait of the black brother, "Patron of Social Justice." 9-13.

Armed with Love. By Gerald N. Battle. Ill. by Charles Cox. Abingdon. $4.95.

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Realistic, moving stories of the disciples and their travels, written with style and force. 10-15.

Picture Books

Black is Brown is Tan. By Arnold Adoff. Ill. by Emily McCully. Harper. $4.95. "Black is brown is tan/ is girl is boy/ is nose is face/ is all the colors of the race." An exuberant song to the joys of loving and living, a subtle lesson about the oneness of all mankind, and a true picture of the author's interracial family. A book to read, reread, and cherish.

Noisy Nora. Benjamin and Tulip. Written and Ill. by Rosemary Wells. Dial. Each $3.95. Mrs. Wells shows an intimate understanding of the injustices of childhood in these two easy-to-hold, humorous books. The first describes the abandonment felt when a new baby takes the limelight, the second a mean little bully and his favorite victim. The economy of line in the sly drawings is most appealing, and the laughter helps children accept life as it is.

Down to the Beach. By May Garelick. Ill. by Barbara Cooney. Four Winds. $5.95. Evocative watercolors capture the mood and delight of summer by the sea.

Lordy, Aunt Hattie. By Ianthe Thomas. Ill. by Thomas di Grazia. Harper. $4.95. A radiant hymn to summertime by a gifted, new black writer. Glowing paintings of Southern farm life.

Lord Rex: The Lion Who Wished. Written and Ill. by David McKee. Abelard. $4.95. A dissatisfied lion learns there's nothing better than being himself—but only after trying all sorts of wings and legs. A wise, ridiculous, rollicking tale.

Fresh Cider and Pie. By Franz Brandenberg. Ill. by Aliki. Macmillan. $4.95. A fly outwits a spider and saves his life. Economy and humor in both pictures and rhythmical text.

Abby. By Jeanette Gaines. Ill. by Steven Kellog. Harper. $3.95. It's hard to have a tag-along sister, but Kevin finds he is proud of her. A homey picture of family life by a talented, black author-editor.

All the Way Home. By Lore Segal. Ill. by James Marshall. Farrar. $4.95. A ridiculous, exasperating, delightful parade of noisy animals and a cranky child coming home from the park.

Buzz Buzz Buzz. Written and Ill. by Byron Barton. Macmillan. $4.95. The bee stings the bull, the bull worries the cow, and the cow kicks over the milk pail . . . a gay, circular story with bold, poster paintings.

Find the Cat. Written and Ill. by Elaine Livermore. Houghton. $3.95. What fun to search through these intricate drawings for pussy's hiding places as she leads dog a merry chase.

Seven Little Rabbits. By John Becker. Ill. by Barbara Cooney. Walker. $4.95. Beatrix Potter-like wash paintings and a rhythmical, repetitive text.

No Kiss for Mother. Written and Ill. by Tomi Ungerer. Harper. $5.95. Rambunctiousness and wry humor as superindependent Piper Paw and his solicitous mother cat finally come to an understanding. A sure hit!

What Did You Bring Me? Written and and Ill. by Karla Kuskin. Harper. $4.95. Edwina's love of presents drives her mother to distraction. Then one day there is a magic "changeroo," bringing laughter and justice. Beguiling mouse characters.

Sleep Out. By Carol Carrick. Ill. by Donald Carrick. Seabury. $4.95. A young boy camps out in the woods by himself for the first time. Nostalgic paintings.

Read-to-Myself

Harper & Row and Random House pioneered in fun, well-written "primers" and these filled a real need. For, exquisite and entertaining as many picture books are, they often prove too difficult for a child to read to himself—something he gains such pride and satisfaction from doing. Recently several publishers have made welcome additions to the important read-to-myself grouping: stories with simple, direct language, lively plots that spur the beginning reader on, large, helpful type, and a format that make the child feel he has graduated from read-aloud stories.

Georgette. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Ill. by Ursula Landshoff. "A Break of Day Book." Coward. $4.29. A little girl, a dancing hen, and an angry policeman star in this delightful Parisian frolic. What luck to have an author with the flair and fame of Mrs. Bishop writing stories for beginning readers. Another lively "Break of Day Book," *Clarence and the Burglar* by Patricia Lauber.

Little New Kangeroo. By Bernard Wiseman. Ill. by Robert Lopshire. "Ready-to-Read" series. Macmillan. $4.50. The rhythmical, repetitive text is just right for early first graders, and the story is full of homey fun. For late first grade on is nonsensical *Clever Kate*, by Elizabeth Shub, charmingly illustrated by Anita Lobel.

Dumb Joey. By Rita G. Gelman. Ill. by Cheryl Pelavin. *Joanna Runs Away.* By Phyllis La Farge. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Each $4.95. Holt's new "primers" are distinguished by short chapters, which give kids a feeling of accomplishment, and by city backgrounds, too often avoided in picture books. Tag-along *Joey* saves the day and proves little brothers are not so dumb. Horse-loving Joanna stows away on a vegetable wagon. Both have good plots and characterization.

Nana Upstairs & Nana Downstairs. Story and Pictures by Tomue de Paolo. *Mushy Eggs.* By Florence Adams. Ill. by Marilyn Hirsh. Putnam. Each $4.69. Putnam puts out excellent "See and Read" biographies as well as easy-reading fiction. *Nana Upstairs* is a delicately handled story of friendship between the very old and the very young—and of death. *Mushy Eggs* describes fun with a beloved baby-sitter. Both books have warm, homey reality, and well-chosen detail.

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Story Books for 7 to 10

Socks. By Beverly Cleary. Ill. by Beatrice Darwin. Morrow. $4.25. A regal and pampered tabby cat finds his throne usurped by a baby. How the two finally become friends makes for a most enjoyable and funny story.

Hemi: A Mule. By Barbara Brenner. Ill. by J. Winslow Higginbottom. Harper. $3.95. Hemi, a homesick West Point mule, pilgrimages across the country searching for the farmhand he loves. A warm, wise, witty story that may well become a classic.

The Wizard of Walnut Street. By Carol Scism. Ill. by Martha Alexander. Dial. $4.95. A humorous story about club fun and a boy who overcomes his fears in a quite unexpected way. Pleasant drawings.

The Friendship Tree. By Gunilla Norris. Ill. by Dale Payson. Dutton. $4.95. A bitter-sweet story about the meaning of friendship and two girls who live next door.

A Taste of Blackberries. By Doris Buchanan Smith. Ill. by Charles Robinson. Crowell. $3.95. Griefstricken over the unexpected death of his friend, a young boy finds the strength to accept life. A delicate subject, sensitively and skillfully handled.

The Secret Life of T.K. Dearing. By Jean Robinson. Ill. by Chas. Robinson. Seabury. $5.50. The need of both old and young for independence forges an unexpected bond between Grandpa Kindermann and the Buccaneer club-members.

The Wayfarer's Tree. By Anne Colver & Stewart Graff. Dutton. $4.50. A lonely city boy shipped off to Concord, a lost dog, and a most unusual tutor—Thoreau—star in this period piece by two master storytellers.

Ollie's Team and the 200 Pound Problem. Ollie's Team and the Million Dollar Mistake. By Glem Philbrook. Ill. by Francis Chauncey. Hastings. Each $4.95. Fast-moving stories of a boys' baseball team that young readers will race for.

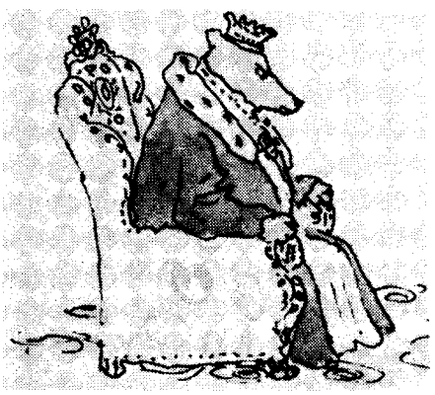
Folk and Fairy Tales

The Real Thief. Written and Ill. by William Steig. Farrar. $4.95. A whimsical parable about guilt and loyalty. An engaging goose hero, and a bear king.

The Little Red Hen. The Three Billy Goats Gruff. Retold and Illus. by Paul Galdone. Seabury. $4.95. Two favorite tales illustrated with exuberance and humor. 3-7.

Johnny-Cake. Retold by Joseph Jacobs. Ill. by William Stobbs. Viking. $5.95. Pictures rich in brilliance and design enhance this loved tale. 4-8.

Tom Thumb. Pictures by Felix Hoffman. McElderry/Atheneum. $5.25. Superb big pictures; an exquisite edition.



From "Real Thief" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs. By the Brothers Grimm. Trans. by Randall Jarrell. Ill. by Nancy Ekholm Burkert. Farrar. $5.95. Huge, dreamy medieval paintings. A lovely gift. 5-9. Also by the Brothers Grimm. *King Grisly Beard.* Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Farrar. $3.95.

The Fairy Tale Treasury. Selected by Virginia Haviland. Ill. by Raymond Briggs. Coward. $9.95. 200 lavishly illustrated pages. A bonanza to while away the winter hours. 6-11.

King Stork. By Howard Pyle. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Little. $5.95. Extraordinarily handsome pictures enhance this tale of romance, trickery and witchcraft. 5-9.

Duffy and the Devil. Retold by Harve Zemach. Ill. by Margot Zemach. Farrar. $5.95. A servant girl outwits the devil and gains a rich husband in this rollicking tale from Cornwall. Sly detail in the delicate pictures. 5-9.

Two Brothers. By Eugene Schwarz. Ill. by Gabriel Lisowski. Harper. $4.95. A moving allegory about the need for brotherly love, set in a snow-swept region of Russia. 6-10.

Told in India. Retold by Virginia Haviland. Ill. by Blair Lent. Little. $5.95. A most attractively designed and illustrated book with a nice selection of tales. Large type. 8-12.

The Other World: Myths of the Celts. Retold by Margaret Hodges. Ill. by Eros Keith. Farrar. $5.95. Magic and courage in these forceful hero tales. 8-12.

At the Center of the World. By Betty Baker. Ill. by Murray Tinkelman. Macmillan. $4.95. Haunting creation myths from the Indians of Arizona and Mexico, skillfully retold. 8-12.

Once More Upon a Totem. By Christie Harris. Ill. by Douglas Tait. Atheneum. $5.95. Important for an appreciation of Northwest Indian culture as well as for hours of excitement. 9-13.

The Haunting of America: Ghost Stories from our Past. By Jean Anderson. Ill. by Eric von Schmidt. Houghton. $4.95. Ghosts in the White House, on the Texas Plans. . . .Thrills plus a fascinating new view of history. 10-adult.

The Hodgepodge Book: An Almanac of American Folklore. Coll. by Duncan Emrich. Ill. by Ib Ohlsson. Four Winds. $6.95. Jokes, riddles, wise (silly) sayings, cumulative stories etc. 367 pages of fun for the family to share.

Novels for Ages 9-12

Hang Tough, Paul Mather. By Alfred Slote. Lippincott. $4.95. Pitching is Paul's life, until he becomes afflicted with leukemia. His love of baseball, and an understanding doctor, help him face the future with courage, dignity,

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and determination. A compassionate, important novel, as well as an excellent sports story.

Deenie. By Judy Blume. Bradbury. $5.95 Both tender and sharp in its picture of parent-child relationships and group mores is this story of junior high and boy-girl life.

Isabelle the Itch. By Constance C. Greene. Ill. by Emily McCully. Viking. $5.95. A very funny, human story about a sensitive girl who begins to learn to handle her energy and talents.

Friday Nights and Robert. By Betty Keeton. Ill. by Lillian Obligado. Little. $5.95. Did Robert come to the farm to see Esmerelda—or her family? Would the girls in town ever let her into their group? A solid story with fine characterization.

Me Too. By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Lippincott. $5.95. Lydia longs to change her retarded twin sister so she'll be just like her. During the long summer, Lydia tries to teach Lornie, she learns much about herself, and love, as well as acceptance of life. A significant book, one of the Cleavers' best.

Carrie's War. By Nina Bawden. Lippincott. $4.95. The difficulties and rewards of human relationships are sensitively explored in this story of two lonely children evacuated to the English countryside in World War II. Written with mood and style.

The Court of the Stone Children. By Eleanor Cameron. Dutton. $5.50. Who was the girl sitting on the old French bed in the museum? Lonely Nina not only finds a friend, and a career, but solves an ancient mystery in this unusual fantasy when past and present fuse.

The House with a Clock in its Walls. By John Bellairs. Ill. by Edward Gorey. Dial. $4.95. Rival wizards, a doomed house, and a boy detective. A highly original modern thriller.

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by Beverly Cleary
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—*Library Journal*
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Illustrated by Don Almquist
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Half-Past Tomorrow. By Ruth C. Carlsen. Ill. by John Gretzer. Houghton. $3.95. An intriguing, fast-paced tale of a boy who is able to read *tomorrow's* newspapers, and who tries to warn people of dangers.

The Dark is Rising. By Susan Cooper. Ill. by Alan Cober. McElderry/Athen. $5.95. A mythical thriller about the timeless conflict between good and evil.

Master Cornhill. By Eloise J. McGraw. McElderry/Athen. $6.25. The adventure-filled life of an orphan in London at the time of the Great Fire.

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The Summer after the Funeral. By Jane Gardham. Macmillan. $4.95. A highly, original novel full of mood, biting characterization, honesty and flair, this describes the bizarre adventures of unpredictable Athene the summer after her idolized father's death. There are many strands to this skillfully woven novel, many levels and meanings. Just listening to Mrs. Gardham's use of words is a treat in itself.

Why Me? By John Branfield. Harper. $4.95. Sarah comes to terms with her diabetes, and her resentment of her sister, and begins to lead a normal life. A perceptive stroy that will help any adolescent understand her changing moods and anger.

The Summer Before. By Patricia Windsor. Harper. $4.95. The loveliness of the relationship between these two unusual young people lingers on, long after the tragedy in their lives is forgotten. A many-faceted outstanding first novel.

No Man for Murder. By Mel Ellis. Holt. $4.95. Hunting and farm lore form the backdrop of this novel of intrigue as a 17-year-old boy fights to prove himself innocent of murder.

The Cheese Stands Alone. By Marjorie M. Prince. Ill. by Ted Lewin. Houghton. $4.95. Suddenly one summer, the gang grows up and the boy-girl relationships change. A satirical portrait of a summer colony adds to the appeal of this polished first novel about an adolescent girl's awakening.

The Crystal Nights. By Michele Murray. Seabury. $6.95. The self-centered cries of adolescence are intensified for

From "Indian Gallery" (Four Winds Press)

Ellie when her cousins, refugees from Nazi Germany, share her home.

The Twelfth Day of July. Across the Barricades. Into Exile. By Joan Lingard. Nelson. $4.95. A timely trilogy (each independent) about the friendship of a Protestant girl and Catholic boy in embattled Belfast and the violence and prejudice that threatens to separate them. The final volume tells of their difficulties and hopes when they marry.

Guests in the Promised Land. By Kristin Hunter. Scribners. $4.95. What it is like to be young and black in white America: shrewdly conceived portraits, biting urban plots, humor, generosity, insight. Fine stories!

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An Old Tale Carved out of Stone. By A. Linevski. Trans. from Russian by Maria Polushkin. Crown. $5.95. New knowledge vs. magic—an innovative young shaman tries to help his people better their lives. A richly detailed, convincing and thrilling picture of life in Neolithic Siberia.

A Proud Taste of Scarlet and Miniver. Written and Ill. by E.L. Konigsburg. Atheneum. $5.95. Like a wonderful spring breeze this sprightly, personal portrait of Eleanor of Aquitaine blows through history bringing freshness, insight and delight.

Roanoke: A Novel of the Lost Colony. By Sonia Levitin. Ill. by John Gretzer. Atheneum. $6.25. A splendid recreation of what might have happened to the Roanoke colony, with a romantic, independent young hero and a thoughtful look at Indian-white relationships.

The Italian Spring. By Gilian Avery Ill. by John Verney. Holt. $4.95. A witty portrait of life in Victorian England and the awakening of a retiring girl one year in Italy. Parents will enjoy this literate novel too.

Biography

John Muir. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Robert Levering. Crowell. $3.75. "Everybody needs beauty as well as bread," said John Muir, who loved the wilderness all his life, and fought for conservation and the founding of our national parks—causes even more urgent today. Charles Graves' writing has the simplicity and joyous buoyancy of Muir himself. 6-10.

Martha Washington: First Lady of the Land. By LaVere Anderson. Ill. by Cary. Garrard. $3.50. Sure to be popular as newswoman Anderson writes with vivacity, and small girls hunt eagerly for more books on famous women. 7-10.

Shelley's Mary. By Margaret Leighton. Farrar. $5.95. Daughter of the exasper-

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ating social critic William Godwin, adoring wife of the brilliant, visionary, impractical Shelley, Mary had more than her share of trials and tragedies. This is a balanced, erudite biography with a fine feel for character and story. One only wishes there were fuller descriptions of Mary's own writings—she'd be amazed to learn that teenagers today know her *Frankenstein* better than her husband's poems.

The Lives of Pearl Buck. By Irvin Block. Photos. Crowell. $4:50. As much a fascinating tale of missionary life, the rise of modern China, and East-West relations as the biography of a forceful, many-faceted woman. One only regrets that the pace is so speedy at the end, and that there is not a fuller picture of her life, both personal and professional, once she became famous. Another highly recommended Crowell biography for 12-16 is John A. Scott's *Fanny Kemble's America* which describes the heartache and frustration the actress experienced when she left the stage to marry, and her very personal struggle for equality for women and justice for the slaves.

Peter, the Revolutionary Tsar. By Peter Brock Putnam. Maps & illustrations by Laszlo Kubinyi. Harper. $7.95. A rich, detailed study of the complex, whirlwind leader. 12-18.

Chou En-Lai. By Jules Archer. Hawthorn. $5.95. As much the story of modern China as of brilliant, enigmatic Chou En-lai. Well researched, impartial and lively. 12-18.

World History and Culture

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African Views of the West. Edited by Jo Ann White. Messner. $3.50. How Africans view *us,* and our peculiarities. Will promote understanding. 12-18.

Children of Vietnam. By Betty Jean Lifton & Thomas C. Fox. Photos by Mr. Fox. Atheneum. $4.95. What war has done to Vietnamese children; a powerful argument for peace that should be read by everyone. 9-16.

THE UNITED STATES

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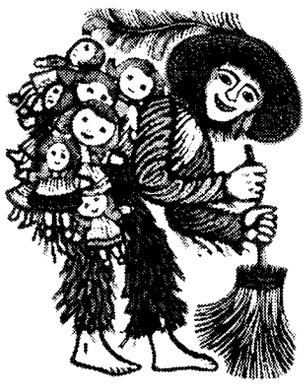

From "St. George and the Dragon" (Atheneum)

The Star-Spangled Banner. Ill. by Peter Spier. Doubleday. $5.95. This huge decorative book dramatizes the story story behind our national anthem. 5-10.

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Where Do Babies Come From? By Margaret Sheffield. Ill. by Sheila Bewley. Knopf. The frank, lovely, and loving pictures make this a highly recommended first book on sex. 5-9.

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Skeezer: Dog with a Mission. By Elizabeth Yates. Ill. by Joan Drescher. Harvey. $4.95. This account of a dog who lived in a hospital and helped emotionally disturbed children regain their health makes fascinating reading. It also inspires others to try using animals to help the lonely and withdrawn. 12-adult.

NATURE

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From "My Doctor" (Macmillan)

The Mother Whale. By Edith Thacher Hurd. Ill. by Clement Hurd. Little. $4.95. Lovely, blue-green woodcuts follow the life cycle of a whale. 5-8.

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The Winds' Child. By Mark Taylor. Ill. by Erik Blegvad. Atheneum. $4.95. This lyrical narrative about a lonely cat who finds his heart's desire, has the song of the wind blowing through its pages. 5-9.

Songs of the Dream People: Chants and Images from the Indians and Eskimos of North America. Edited and Illus. by James Houston. McElderry/Atheneum. $5.95. The poems have the haunting beauty and brevity of Haiku. Lovely design and bookmaking. 8-adult.

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The Beginning of Art. By Philip Van Doren Stern. Art photos. Drawings. Four Winds. $7.95. A fascinating treasure hunt; how cave paintings and Paleolithic artifacts were unearthed in France giving us a deeper understanding of the universal use of symbolism and art's beginnings. Well written and attractively designed. 12-18.

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Toulouse-Lautrec: His World. By Sylvia L. Horwitz. Photos of artwork. Harper. $6.95. What it was like to be Toulouse-Lautrec, and the story behind his paintings. A tragic yet triumphant tale written with sensitivity and verve. 12-16.

Songs of '76. A Folksinger's History of the Revolution. By Oscar Brand. Old prints. Music. Evans. $10.00. A most original history of the British and American forces, the songs they sang, and those they created about the Revolution. Handsome! All ages.

Yesterday's Clowns: The Rise of Film Comedy. By Frank Manchel. Photos from Films. Watts. $6.95. Old movie fans and budding film-makers both will enjoy these portraits of the stars. 12-18.

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Skiing to Win. By Harve Edwards. Photos. Harcourt. $5.95. Racing champions, World Cup winners, the exhilaration of cross-country and high-mountain skiing. The ordinary skier can learn from the pros' experiences. 12-adult.

Hockey Stars of the 70's. By Frank Orr. Putnam. $4.89. Seventeen personal profiles; perfect for Christmas. 9-16.

Hockey: The Story of the Teams, Players and Development of the Fastest Growing American Sport. By Gerald Eskenazi. Many photos. Grossett. $4.95. A big book, and a sure hit! 9-adult.

Wheels for Kids. By John G. Navarra. Photos by Celeste Navarra. Doubleday. $4.95. Motorbike riding and maintainence. Invaluable because of its stress on safety. 8-13.

Modern Baseball Superstars. By Will Gutman. Photos. Dodd. $3.95. Boys of 8-12 will go for the spirited action and easy vocabulary.

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Good Clean Violence: A History of College Football. By Ivan N. Kaye. Photos. Lippincott. $8.95. 103 great years of players, teams, and inspiring coaches. 288 pages for boys and their dads.

Games (And How to Play Them). Written and Ill. by Anne Rockwell. Crowell. $5.95. What fun families are going to have with this marvelous book of well-tried games! Clear instructions and mischievous pictures of witches playing Ghost and real pussies wanting corners. Fun-loving, versatile Anne Rockwell is also the author of two gay picture books *The Wolf Had a Wonderful Dream* (Crowell) and *The Awful Mess.* (Parents).

Play It in Spanish: Spanish Games and Folk Songs for Children. Collected by Mariana Prieto. Music by Eliz. C. Nielsen. Ill. by R. and H. Shekerjian. John Day. $5.95. Hours of fun for home and school. Unusual! 5 up.

Recipes for Art and Craft Materials. Written and Ill. by Helen R. Sattler. Lothrop. $4.50. How to make your own pastes, paints, papier-mâché etc. Both frugal and fun. All ages.

The Cookie Book. By Eva Moore. Ill. by Talivadis Stubis. Seabury. $4.95. Just right for beginning bakers. Kids love cooking and cookies. 8-12.

About Children's Books—For Adults

Ann Carroll Moore. By Francis Clarke Sayers. Photos. Atheneum. $8.95. The inspired, indomitable, and sometimes difficult pioneer children's librarian; a loving study of great interest to librarians, writers and artists, also to women's lib.

The Spirited Life: Bertha Mahoney Miller and Children's Books. By Eulalie Steinmetz Ross. Horn Book. $12.00. Mrs. Miller's famous Bookshop for Boys and Girls and her magazine *The Horn Book* had a tremendous influence on the flowering of children's literature —and still do. A rich chronicle of her world.

Paperbacks

In the last few years there has been a flowering of paperbacks for children, a most welcome feast in these days of high prices. Now libraries can buy extra copies of books, parents can buy extra gifts, and kids can have the joy of buying books for themselves. The original type and artwork have been kept, and surprisingly well reproduced. So many publishers are jumping into the field, I recommend writing to *all* publishers to see what is available. Here is a sampling. For little children: *Poems and Prayers for the Very Young* (Random), *A Tale for Easter* (Walck), *Millicent the Monster* (Harlan Quist), *Frogs Merry* (Pantheon), *Curious George Rides a Bike* (Houghton), *City in Winter* (Macmillan), *Sylvester and the Magic Pebble* (Windmill-Dutton), *The Twelve Dancing Princesses* (Holt). For older children: *The Last of the Mohicans* (Scribner), *Depend Upon Katie John* (Harper), *The Far Side of Evil* (Atheneum), *The Summer of the Swans* (Viking), *The Witch's Daughter* (Archway), *Adopted Jane* (Harcourt), *Robert F. Kennedy* (Dell), *Science Experiments You Can Eat* (Lippincott), *Greek and Roman Art* (McGraw).

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

Mugavero started in Brooklyn and Queens, Michael Harrington's brave efforts to establish a new socialist party are like a ripple on an ocean.

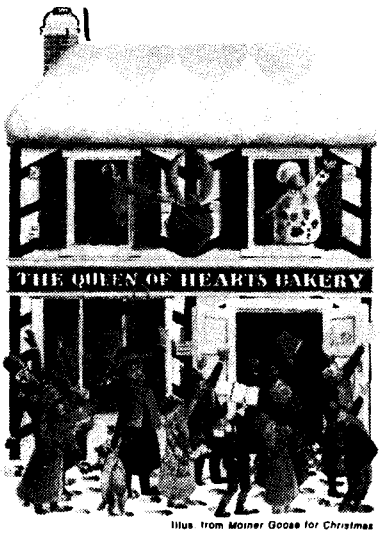
* * *

P.S. to Peter Steinfels:

Your letter too late for full reply. Suggest you read Domhoff on the "cowboys." Also Phillips on the movement of Northeastern Republicans—like Lindsay, Ogden Reid, and even John D. Rockefeller IV (on revolution, no less). White on "peripheral urban ethnics."

I plug along in such clouds and

Viking Junior Picture Books.



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mists of ignorance that I'm glad to have you following my trail, asking questions. Keep it up. Definitions make more sense when arrived at dialectically. Let us know when you reach an "adult political analysis."

My colleagues at The Rockefeller Foundation ask me to add that there is no Northeastern Establishment, and the R.F. isn't part of it.

Socrates: In politics, are concrete persons and concrete issues as important as the shifting attitudes and symbols people (all of us) slip into and out of, so that sometimes we are one thing, at others another? On some matters "conservative," on others "radical," on some "ethnic," on others not. (And even "ethnic" has at least four meanings, depending on context.) If so, these symbolic patterns are rather interesting, as well as powerful. No culture has an unlimited vocabulary of such underlying patterns; their slow evolution across time is remarkable. Some of us are "Harvard men" part of the time; it's usually an asset, in national politics and foundations, for example. . . . Well, it's only a hint. Please keep looking for your "real toads." (Socialism, for example?) When you tire of empiricism, don't overlook symbolic realism: Life is long.

—MICHAEL

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WITH THE SPECIAL FEATURES planned for the magazine's 50th Anniversary Year, which is just beginning, a subscription to *Commonweal* makes an especially felicitous gift this Christmas.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 203)

as well, who yet count ourselves Catholic, have *time* to be lamenting the passing of cultural forms when the rather more basic matter of belief in Jesus seems on the verge of becoming as outmoded as plain-chant? Can the intellectuals among us *afford* to disdain the "Rotarians" if the proclamation of the Gospel is our primary concern?

I, too, wish that the American church had the will to mandate musical greatness in the parishes. But I wish even more that the Spirit of Jesus would begin to reign in all our hearts, and it is less than apparent that the latter is a direct result of the former. Let us not fall prey to the notion that the intellectuals, no matter how much they have enriched us in the past, are the church's one salvation. God may have unlikely plans for the Rotarians in our midst.

MARIAN RONAN

Battle Creek, Mich.

To the Editors: I read "After Ten Years, Liturgical Decadence" [Oct. 26] with head-nodding agreement. Much of our liturgy *is* mediocre, boring, and at times even decadent.

It certainly is not within my competence to adequately diagnose this church illness. I do believe that, when they gather in November, our American bishops could profitably examine their consciences about their responsibility for the present liturgical malaise. I offer some points for their serious reflection:

1) Since the life of faith is only nourished and only grows in community, have I done as much as I can

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to insure that the parishes in my diocese are becoming real communities?

2) In my diocese, am I a source of life for the diocesan community or am I dead wood which stunts creativity and growth?

3) Concerning my fellow priests, do I give my personal and institutional support to those who have been nourished with Vatican II or do I support the established clergy who defensively rule their little kingdoms with stubborn closemindedness?

4) If I have failed in any of the above areas, am I willing to change my life and face possibly harsh criticism from my friends who have vested interests in power, money, and status quo?

JOHN A. DICK

School Aid

Silver Spring, Md.

To the Editors: Msgr. Ryan [Letter, Oct. 3] errs in his interpretation of the history of church-state relations in our country.

As public education developed in the nineteenth century it was nondenominational—i.e., nondenominationally Protestant, with Catholics, Jews, and others often suffering discrimination. Eventually Catholic and Jewish pressure made public education truly nonsectarian, a development capped by the Supreme Court's McCollum (1948), Engel (1962), and Schempp (1963) rulings against all government-sponsored religious teaching and devotions in public schools. Of course, public schools may teach objectively and neutrally "about" religion.

Tax aid for sectarian private schools was by the middle of the nineteenth century either illegal or in violation of nearly all state constitutions. The 1940 Cantwell ruling, holding that the First Amendment is made applicable to state and local government by the Fourteenth Amendment, finally brought about the universal application of the church-state separation principle demanded by the very nature of our democratic pluralistic society and envisioned by the men who wrote the Bill of Rights.

It is possible that a future Supreme Court might reverse the magnificent church-state decisions handed down during the past generation, but this would be as desirable as bringing back slavery, segregation, flogging, property qualifications for voting, and other evils from history's scrapheap.

If the histories and present conditions of Britain, Northern Ireland, Canada, West Germany, Greece, Israel, Spain, etc., teach us anything, it is that complete separation of church and state is the very cornerstone of a democratic society.

EDD DOERR

Prime Time Religion

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Perhaps the Archdiocese of New York (along with Lutherans and other religious denominations) isn't getting very enthusiastic treatment from the so-called "big time" radio stations (like WNBC, "News and Views" of Oct. 19). Conditions seem to be a good deal better in the suburbs.

The *Archdiocesan Program*, a 15-minute weekly which I coordinate and moderate, enjoys decent (and free) time slots on three of the six suburban stations that carry it (8:45 on WKIP, Pouughkeepsie; 9:15 on WKRL, New City; and 9:30 on WVOS, Liberty) on Sunday mornings. In addition, many of the more than thirty stations in the seven counties that comprise the "upstate" area of the Archdiocese provide an almost overwhelming array of religious programming in "good," and even "prime" time (like WGHO in Kingston, with religious programs from sign-on to 1 P.M. on Sundays).

Small-town stations may not seem so important next to giants like WNBC-Radio, but they *are* important to the people in those smaller towns. How about commending them for doing the balanced job that their big-city colleagues are abdicating? I think they deserve it!

JOSEPH G. SEXTON
Program Coordinator
Office of Communications
Archdiocese of New York

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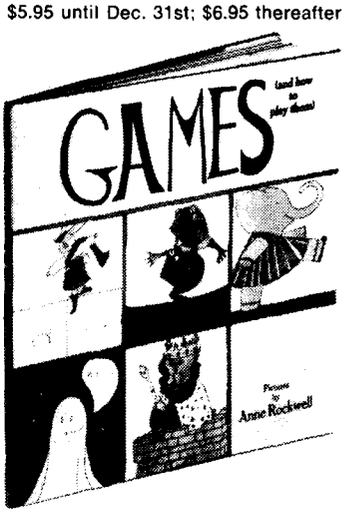

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